



OF © Xen- ROOFTOPS AND STARGAZING LIZARDS

The life that might have been is lost dreams mixed with regrets, which lie in the bucket of self-knowing that everyone eventually peers into, especially at life's end, before carrying on. No self-examined life exists without them. One is constantly told from cradle to grave s/he could be anything by just wishing it. Fairy tales teach infants and children don't dream it, 'just wish upon a star' to become your fairy tale fancy. In fantasy-park America, fabled land of opportunity, every child dreams **big** holding to such visions only never to find that perfection within an imperfect world of childishly spun, flamboyant lies. Moreover, children soon learn that being truthful is painfully punished while telling a lie, as do the enigmatic big people who hold all power to punish and reward, is far easier and appreciated. *Do as I preach – not as I do say hypocritical* 'big people' who very much puzzle their little people mini-me's. Pain is an effective teacher and pain teaches children to lie very early in their mixed up, tumbled up, little lives. They escape into those painless shelters of untruth where one can without work or effort freely be and do anything. In the real world one never could've, should've, would've or might've been anything except what each of us is as a one-of-a-kind person. In other words be the real you. Not what someone else expects or a fiction copied from imagination. Each of us is specific having from cradle to grave unique abilities and disabilities, environments and opportunities, tasks and destinies. Even identical twin siblings go their separate ways as individuals. Paths may cross and parallel but never are they on the same course, ever. Often people say, "I controlled my life and chose to be and do this or that. I am the great master of my destiny and you can be one, too. Just send me \$19.95 for my 'no work' magic secret..." Another sucker bites the big lie for Yankee dollars cash American. Something for nothing success without hard work, sacrifice and pain. Truth is we all have the same Destiny, Karma, Fate, and an ordained purpose driving us along our paths. It comes OEM: Original Equipment as Manufactured. The means are myriad and sundry but the end remains the same. Do our duties and go home. Everything here has a price; we all pay it, which comes from doing the hard work. Returning home is no exception. It is like sitting in a circle's center. Infinite routes lead from the core to outer rim but only one goes home. Each soul's task is to figure out Personal Sacred Truth to that path. Same assignment for all of us and the route is unique only to each traveler. Your path. My path. No two are the same.

Following someone else's 'easy' way only loops from core to rim and returns to the circle's center. One travels nowhere in plenty of time. Reincarnation is infinite should one choose to make it so. You see, the means are infinite to a singular end. Going home, which never is his, her, or my way but only **your** way and you must find it alone. Map to the Promised Land is within each of us. Our strength is within, always.

Following myriad & sundry Pied Pipers of anyone or anything else misleads one every time. There are no short cuts and magic formulas, etc. Hard work is finding your way, and only your way. It cannot be bought or taught only discovered & learned. If a guru, preacher, fakir, belief, theology, etc cannot find their way, how can they lead anyone else home? All fakirs and charlatans do have a purpose. To know the truth first one must know what is not truth and vice versa. They exist to mislead to the truth. However, sheeple **choose** to stay lost. Believing they are in charge of personal destiny while allowing someone else to mislead them. Their choice in following someone else's fantasies, decisions, and choices, which are '*always right*,' but may only be for them. Never realizing self-interest drives all human endeavors, and that all else is secondary or lower, their 'leaders' mislead them astray every time. History proves that. Moses led the lost tribes of Israel lost in the desert 40 years, so the myth goes, and never found the Promised Land. So it goes for every guru known, yet lazy people looking for the *easy way* still follow these 'shepherds' like lost sheep. In reality we are all like that wandering innocence until waking up. Still stuck in childhood ingenuousness & imaginings avoiding reality, self-responsibility, and maturity. Adulthood is dropping such childish notions for harsher realities of growing up. Trading childish things for hardships of adulthood. Life is Caveat Emptor without exception. However, some people remain as nothing more than lazy rooftop lizards self-importantly gazing into the heavens. Our lazy lizard muses that I am so important. If not for me sitting here this world would drift away into darkness. So very full of itself, it sits sure that all is right as it pompously chose. After a while the lizard gets bored with being omnipotent and thinks of a life that could've, should've, would've, might've been. I might've been a flying bird instead of crawling and sitting on rooftops. But without me who would keep the world from floating away; I am so important!! Suddenly our dreamer is airborne! Hey I am flying! I'm really flying! High over the rooftops it once self-assuredly rested upon. The last thing it sees from on high is the truth: a solid building firmly held in place by the earth without our lizard sitting atop it. Only in the final moments does our rooftop lizard realize that a hungry Owl clutches it firmly in sharp talons heading home for dinner. **The dream is over.** All of its imaginings now lost forever because of a belief that it must be something it was not or ever would be. Humans do the same thing chasing what is *not* instead of being what s/he *is* while aspiring to be with the one resting among heavenly stars contemplating humanity.